

Millennial Star



No. 51, Vol. 100

Thursday, December 22, 1938

CHRISTMAS EVE REVERIE

Over the hills of memory my Spirit walks tonight.
The world is dark and silent, but the Christmas stars are bright;
And my Spirit returns to beloved places beneath their gentle light.

For the stars are softly whispering, "O World, 'tis Christmastide,
"With kindness and compassion let the earth be sanctified,
"And let Peace for a little season in the hearts of men abide."

"Remember, on this holy night, that once on Christmas Eve,
"The Son of God came down from Heaven to help the world achieve
"A realm of Love and Brotherhood. Remember—and believe!"

"And only he shall Peace enjoy—the Peace our Father sends—
"Who heeds the Master's counsel, whose humble heart extends
"No enmity to any man, whose life is full of friends."

My Spirit hears the whispering, and back through time and space,
Lightly I travel down the years with swift and eager pace,
Seeking for well-beloved friends in each remembered place.

In every home whose love I've known I pause: and everywhere
I offer thanks for friends to love, and I breathe a little prayer
That even as I remember, I'll be remembered there.

On and onward I travel, and as I go I pray
That the world will awake tomorrow to the perfect Christmas Day,
When every man to find his friends will go far from his way.

Under the light of the Christmas stars a friend comes into view,
Swiftly and gladly I go to him, our friendship to renew,
Over the hills of memory my Spirit comes—to you!

—A. LESLIE DERBYSHIRE

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

No. 51, Vol. 100

Thursday, December 22, 1938

Price Two Pence

The MILLENNIAL STAR is published weekly by the British Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Subscription price: 1s. 8d. for three months; 3s. 4d. for six months; and 6s. 6d. per year.

HUGH B. BROWN
Editor—Publisher
MARVIN J. ASHTON
Associate-Editor

5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, England

Museum 1354

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come.

—Doctrine and Covenants 130: 18-19

CONTENTS

Page

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

EDITORIAL—

The Day Love Takes Command by *Hugh B. Brown*
and *Zina Card Brown* 810

CHRISTMAS FEATURES—

The Divine In Jesus Christ
by *Elder Thomas C. Romney* 802
The Christian Celebration by *Elder Mark B. Garff* - 806

CHRISTMAS PROSE—

The Gift by *Agnes Bourne* - - - - 804
A Christmas Story by *Gladys Quayle* - - - - 809
A Pre-Christmas Thrill by *Elder Marvin J. Ashton* - 812
An Indian Christmas by *Elder Richard P. Evans* - 816

CHRISTMAS POETRY—

The Gospel Story by *Muriel C. Perry* - - - - 808
Christmas Thanks by *Marie Smith* - - - - 819
Christmas Plea by *Christie Lund Coles* - - - - 820

Christmas Contest Winners - - - - 813
Greetings From The Auxiliaries - - - - 814
Current Christmas Clippings - - - - 817

THIS WEEK'S COVER—

AN artist's conception of the birth and birthplace of the Saviour with Mary and Joseph and the shepherds is portrayed on this week's cover. It is appropriately labelled The Manger Scene, by the artist.

Courtesy—A. B. Shaw & Co. Ltd.

The Divine In Jesus Christ

By ELDER THOMAS C. ROMNEY

ADAPTED FROM A CHRISTMAS RADIO ADDRESS

NEARLY two thousand years ago shepherds of Judea were tending their flocks by night when, "Jo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them: Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tiding of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

In a few days, in almost every city and hamlet throughout



A Shepherd of Judea

the world, professed followers of the divine Saviour will be commemorating His advent into the world, when the wise men came from afar and laid at His feet precious gifts of frankincense and myrrh. God grant that the spirit of that occasion may illumine the minds and permeate the hearts of His present day worshippers, of whom there are 625,000,000 souls. May the refrain of long

ago find expression in their souls as it did in the hearts of the heavenly host when they sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and, on earth peace, good-will towards men."

Perhaps at no time since the birth of the Master, have the peoples of the world had a greater need for the spirit of peace than at the present time. Races and individuals are springing at one another's throats and the world is threatened with a deluge of blood such as humanity has seldom, if ever, witnessed. The war-crazed world is mad with greed and the law of retaliation is the watchword of the hour. The present civilization of the world is hanging in the balance. The only thing that can save humanity from destroying itself will be a return to the teachings of the Master, epitomized under the two great commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God

with all thy heart," and, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Not only is the Christian world drifting from the ethical teachings of Jesus, but there is a growing tendency on the part of many, particularly among the critics of the New Testament, to deny the divine elements in Jesus and impute to Him a nature and qualities altogether human.

Opponents of the belief that Christ was divine, frequently justify themselves in such scepticism by denying everything of a miraculous nature. Nothing to them is real except tangible things that can be measured and weighed or are otherwise verifiable by so-called tangible evidence. They take no cognizance of a spiritual realm whose values, such as beauty and goodness, love and faith, have as good a claim "to be considered realities as sensible objects," and must be taken into account when faced with the problems of "Ultimate Reality."

Further, they aver that the mystic claims made for Jesus of Nazareth are duplicated in the literature relating to the lives of Buddha, Krishna, Zoroaster and a few other great religionists of the ancient world.

Space restricts me to a consideration of this question as related to the two greatest of these religious characters, Christ and Buddha. Fundamentally what shall be said of the latter, in large measure will apply to the balance of the reputed Saviours who ante-dated Christ, so far as their divinity is concerned.

Buddha, whose real name was Siddharata Gautama, was the son of a wealthy Rajah in the valley of the Ganges, and his mother was the daughter of a neighbouring Rajah. No claims were ever made by Gautama, or, even by his devotees of the first generations, that there was anything miraculous about his coming into the world. Neither did he or they ascribe to him the power to work miracles.

Approximately three hundred years after the death of Buddha, or about the third century B.C., a new school of Buddhist thought, called the Mahayana (great vehicle) arose, who taught that Buddha was from the beginning a divine being.

How very different is the record left us of the Master! Unlike Buddha, Jesus claimed descent from God the Father. Accused by the Pharisees of breaking the Sabbath, Jesus answered by saying: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," whereupon the Jews sought to kill Him, because He not only had broken the Sabbath but said also that God was His Father, making Himself equal with God.

In addition to the testimony of Jesus, Himself, we have the witness of His intimate followers to the divinity of Christ, men who were with Him "as he went in and out among them, beginning from the baptism of John until the day that he was taken up"—men who tramped the hills and vales of Palestine with their Master as He ministered to the people. They saw

(Continued on page 818)

The Gift

By AGNES BOURNE

FIRST PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY

"GOODNIGHT Everybody! and Merry Christmas!"—the voice of the announcer reached across the room to Christine where she stood at the window, without touching the thoughts that were dreaming down the years to other Christmasses. The firelight picked out the myriad shadows of the room with glowing fingers, illuminating the quiet figure, burnishing the tawny hair, touching the folds of the gown with a Michael Angelo softness. Her eyes deepened as she gazed out on the Christmas-Eve world below, the lamp-light was friendly, betraying the merry faces of the crowds moving through the orange circles into the darkness beyond, where only the laughter of children told of their passage through the shadows. Christine stood watching—until the pearly-misted kaleidoscope of memory held the scene from her eyes.

* * *



The door tremoured slightly under the inserted key; the child, pale among her pillows, grew wide-eyed at the sound, for this was no everyday grating of her Grandfather's latchkey; but a Christmas Eve one; which meant that the figure on the other side of the door was concealing beneath his overcoat a mysterious brown paper parcel; to be opened Christmas morning with much breaking of string, because she was always too excited to untie the knots—and upon that opening the final leap of joy that her heart gave, for her legs could not leap as other children's could—it had been because of the accident they said—the accident that had swept her life into tragedy—the running boards of the car had been as bent and twisted as the two sad bodies they had lifted from its twisted metal—and she had escaped, but to the heritage of a crippled life; as the grim-lipped doctor emerging from the operating room—where she had lain white and tiny—had told her Grandfather; and the old man had never failed her, for he had always been there with the slow, deep smile of his understanding, and some days when the pain was more than she could bear quietly she would weep her agony into his tired arms; but there had been the times when her rippling laughter had flowed over him like the wave of a sunlit sea, for he had taught her laughter, wide and free as the sky, refusing to accept the tragedy of her broken body while she had a mind that was keen and wondering at Life's beauty. She had learnt from him the beauty in a world of ugliness, recognizing the levels to which the human being can fall, and she forgave and understood the weak traits in those she met with as broad a spirit as she accepted and understood her own weaknesses.

Christmas with its white meaning was a magic time, its festival never failed to arouse in her a silent gratitude for all the gifts she had, and mostly for her Grandfather, whose love was an aurore around her commonplace days, the love that had prompted her first grown-up gift, he had brought her a tiny, sad-eyed canary; she had wept and felt a wild anger against him for bringing her the pitifulness of a caged creature for a gift, but when she had discovered the broken wing, it had awakened in her a tender desire to teach this tiny, broken thing some of her own sorrow-drenched joy; she had taught it to sing beneath the bright berries of the window-boxed orange tree, and as it sang and hopped its way into her heart, she found a greater joy in its helpless dependence on her—a helpless thing—for its well being.

Another Christmas unwrapping had revealed an old leathern book, its corners curled with much handling, its gold lettering dim with the years; her Grandfather had seen it in the window of an old book shop; it was an old story someone had told him long ago, he had said, and she knew that he had bought it because of the beauty of its binding and the memory of other days. A day when she was filled with pain she had started to read it, to help her forget the sharpness and as she read more each day her mind was caught up with the faith of the peoples who lived through its pages. Re-reading it, her soul was shewn some deeper meaning behind the history of a nation, her Grandfather surprising the pondering look on her face, questioned her—she gave him the book to read, and as he read an appeal crept into her prayers.

A month later, he too captured by its echo, had brought two strangers to see her, patiently teaching the man and child the knowledge which brought answer to all their days of wondering; the shining purpose behind the most futile scheme, and smallest life; the meaning that united all men in a common brotherhood. Then there was the great Christmas, when her stranger friends brought two others such as they, with the light deepening in their faces as they had placed their hands on her bent head and blessed her; and the healing that had swept through her with the swift rush of invisible wings; she had wanted to kneel at the throne of her God, she—who had never put her twisted foot to the floor—and she had knelt there, her face quivering her worship, and quietly they had joined her, and the room was filled with sweetness and peace.

* * *

Christine leaned against the window, looking out, her thoughts dreaming back the years, an old leathern book she held caught the glow of the firelight, which caressed its dog-eared corners, and the tear that drifted across its surface gilded anew the faded lettering—BOOK OF MORMON.

The Christian Celebration

By ELDER MARK B. GARFF

(Danish Mission President)



In a Humble Manger

AT this time of the year all people who reflect themselves Christians celebrate the immaculate birth of Jesus the Christ and come to think more seriously of the God they worship. To us the deep meaning of His mission glows symbolically in the Christmas flames. "For it is in Him and by Him that all things are created."

Our Lord was born of the Virgin Mary, without knowledge of the fact that He was the Son of God or a knowledge of His pre-existence. We have a scanty record of His youth, but nowhere can we find evidence that He was other than a healthy, normal child receiving schooling and life's experiences the same as His boyhood chums. The Jewish

law of His day forced all children to attend school until they arrived at the age of twelve, so it is evident that He was schooled in the Jewish law and also worked at home with Joseph with the hope of learning a trade because He has been pictured by writers and painters as a boy helping Joseph with his carpentry.

It is evident that Jesus was not trifling in His boyhood, and that He was blessed by God the Father, since we find Him at the age of twelve astonishing the wise men in the temple with questions that searched after religious knowledge and enlightenment concerning the Kingdom of God. Our scriptures do not tell us that the Father revealed Himself to Jesus in His youth, but we believe He gained knowledge of the Father through prayer. The gates of inspiration must have always been open to Him, for the Spirit of God taught Him the truth, the difference between right and wrong. He learned the truth and the truth freed Him from sin.

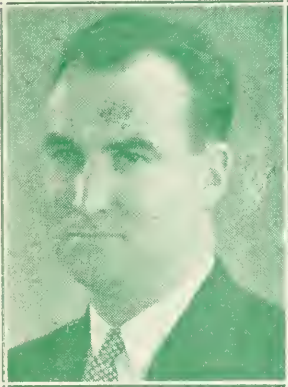
Jesus was approximately thirty years of age before our scriptures began to record the fuller story of His mission. Just when He realized that He was the Son of God is not told, but when He was baptized by John the Baptist, "so as to fulfil all righteousness," the children of men heard the voice of God from the heavens saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

After His baptism Jesus went out into the wilderness to fast

and to pray for more knowledge from the Father. Apostle Talmage says that in the wilderness Jesus triumphed over the devil and learned of the prodigious sacrifice He must make in order to save the world and give to man eternal life.

It was first after Jesus came out of the wilderness that He began to disclose His Divinity. He sent no thundering war chariots over the plains of Judea proclaiming His power, but He humbly walked from place to place teaching the people on the seashore and in the synagogues, healing, blessing and loving them. In fulfilling the time-worn law of Moses He brought the law of love. The world today, needs to hearken to Jesus' words:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy . . ." But Jesus went further. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven." Jesus practiced that which He preached, and because of His love, thoughtfulness and power over the people, they three times desired to make Him their King, but Jesus said, "My Kingdom is not of this world."



Elder Garff

How soon shall we learn that knowledge and position or title does not bring salvation, but knowledge combined with brotherly love, mercy and meekness will help us to save our neighbour as well as ourselves?

The crowning event of the Master's life was when He hung upon the cross. Here He manifested the most divine self-control. It is this mastery of self that should reign in the world today and over every Christmas celebration. After the high priests had crucified Him, mocked Him, given Him vinegar to drink, made fun of Him, tortured Him, He said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." He is the only one that has ever done that. He prayed for those that crucified Him; it was that which made Him the Prince of Peace and because He was victor over all, we worship Him.

He has shown us the way, the only way to perfect peace. Can we follow Him; will we pay the price, or does the wealth and pride of a Simon, the office of priest, or the feeling of being a chosen Levite stand in our way? Knowledge coupled with humble, obedient service will bring the perfect peace and lasting joy into our lives and will lighten the burden of our neighbour. That was the purpose of the Master's life and should be the purpose and hope of every Christian.



The Gospel Story

By MURIEL C. PERRY

FIRST PRIZE, CHRISTMAS POETRY CONTEST

Yesterday, Thou wert a babe in Bethlehem's stable
 lowly,
 And wise men came and worshipped Thee, in accents
 sweet and holy,
 'To shepherds in the fields afar, in peace their flocks
 attending,
 The angels came, and sang the song of Glory never
 ending.

Thou can'st to man's estate and taught the Father's
 will and pleasure,
 Of Peace on Earth and perfect bliss, of joy, that has
 no measure.
 But men wist not the Gospel plan, nor heeded all Thy
 kindness,
 They nailed Thee to a cruel tree, in bigotry and
 blindness.

Today Thou'rt in Thy Home above with Saints and
 Angels dwelling,
 And messengers are on this earth, the Gospel story
 telling;
 But still the world Thy message shuns with hatred and
 with malice,
 They knock fresh nails in loving hands that would
 stretch out to bless.

Tomorrow, who can tell what tree this world of ours
 will find,
 To crucify Thee, Lord, afresh; What thorns Thy brow
 to bind,
 What massacres and feuds and wars, to spear Thy
 wounded side,
 What jealousy and sore abuse Thy kindness to
 deride?

'Tis Christmas time and in the world we celebrate Thy
 birth,
 And try to live the gospel of goodwill and peace on
 earth,
 But Oh Redeemer of mankind, grant us this truth to
 know
 That peace must reign throughout the year if sin we
 would o'erthrow.



A Christmas Story

By GLADYS QUAYLE

SECOND PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY

IT was Christmas Eve. The shops were gaily decorated, all around were brilliant lights, and everyone was hurrying, laden with parcels, down the busy street. The shops were crowded with last-minute shoppers, all eagerly purchasing presents; whilst Billy, in the corner of a shop-doorway sheltered from the cold wind, gazed longingly at the toys displayed in the window. How nice it would be, thought he, if I could have some trains or a set so that I could build bridges—his eye caught a football and his mind wandered to the game he had recently witnessed whilst passing a football field. Suddenly someone knocked him and his attention was diverted to a lady who had accidentally touched him. She was holding onto the hand of a little girl and had not noticed the little boy in the doorway. "I'm sorry, sonny," she said and Billy thought her voice was the sweetest he had ever heard. He

was quite unused to people speaking to him in such a manner; usually he was addressed in a harsh way, oftimes accompanied with blows. Billy was very lonely as his Mother and Father were dead and he was quite alone in the world, but he had often thought the tone of his Mother's voice would be like that of the lady who had just spoken to him. His gaze followed her as she wended her way slowly through the jostling crowd and he felt compelled to follow. He hurried until he was

right behind her, and even though the wind whistled and tore through his threadbare clothing, he was conscious of nothing save the sound of her voice. He could hear the little girl talking gaily of the toys Santa Claus was going to bring her and of the party she was to have on the morrow. He listened eagerly for the lady's replies and his little mind conjured up a vision of the wonderful time they were going to have. He wished he had a Mother who would talk to him and play with him, 'cos he was very lonely.

Gradually they left the crowded streets and Billy timidly followed in their footsteps. Out of the silence he could hear voices singing and as the sounds came nearer he heard the words. They were singing of a baby who was born in a manger—someone called Jesus. He wondered who Jesus was and why He came here. So intent was he on his problem that he had forgotten the little girl and her Mother, when suddenly the little girl's voice pierced his conscious mind and he heard her exclaim, "Mammy, Mammy, look at that lovely dolly," and she darted away from her Mother's side and started to run across the street. Billy looked behind and to his horror saw a motor car fast bearing down upon the little one. He did not pause to consider but instantly rushed after her—he could

(Continued on page 820)



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1938

EDITORIAL

The Day Love Takes Command

CHRISTMAS time with its cargo of love is the greatest of all anniversaries for those who worship the God of love. It brings peace of mind to millions who, for the day at least, think more of others than of selves; more of giving than of getting.

This is the secret of the popularity of Christmas. It is the best day of the year, the most joyous because we seek the happiness of others rather than our own.

It is the day when love takes command, and men, women and children, by losing themselves, find joy and peace. For one day at least, Christendom tries Christianity.

If this formula for happiness—love one another—is effective for one day, may it not work at other times, at all times? If by giving we receive, and by dividing we increase, why not make happiness permanent by carrying the Christmas spirit throughout the year?



President Brown

The year 1938 closes its volume of history and experience, leaving memories of some joyous days; of some success; of some achievement. Also of some sorrowful, anxious days; days of fear and misgiving and doubt. It has been an eventful year.

As we look back we see that much of our worry was needless, caused by fear of what might happen. We crossed bridges which existed only in imagination. We suffered in anticipation of troubles which did not come. Therefore, our unhappiness was of our own making. Fear made us falter and worry made us weak. As we remember our doubts, fears and weaknesses we hear Him again say, "O ye of little faith."

It is true that we witnessed international crises, that world-

wide catastrophe seemed imminent, but it was averted and we were spared.

In our individual and family lives we were confronted by problems, some of them grave and serious. We met reverses and some sorrow, but by His grace, our strength was sufficient.



Sister Brown

May the saints in Europe meet 1939 with love in their hearts for all men; guided by the Holy Spirit, and accompanied by three companions; faith, hope and courage.

We need stout hearts to meet the future, a future pregnant with unborn events, and big with possibilities. Fear and apprehension will but unfit us for the fray. They conjure up unrealities, magnify and distort the possible future fact until it looms so large that we see no escape and cringingly await the crack of doom.

The evil of tomorrow loses much of its size as we approach it. Our eyes are not fitted with telescopic lenses so we must await a close-up for a proper focus and then we'll find ourselves equal to the task. Persistent climbing levels the hills and gives added strength to travel on.

Looking back we see the pattern of our lives, which sometimes seemed so baffling, has taken shape and meaning. We needed only faith to try, hope to inspire and courage to endure.

Listen, then, to the voice of the angel of Hope as she whispers, "The night passes; morning breaks, the day is dawning; it can be done; carry on!"

We look forward with calm assurance as we remember the Saviour's oft-repeated admonitions: "Fear not"; "Be not troubled"; "Peace be still." Faith made His calmness majestic, courage made Him Master of all. He never lost hope for He knew God's love. He now bids us take His yoke upon us if we would make our burdens light.

His guide-book for the pilgrim was the simple "Follow me."

May faith inspire hope and courage, and may love encompass all. With these companions, and with the help which He has promised, we will be greater than anything than can happen to us.

—HUGH B. BROWN

—ZINA CARD BROWN

A Pre-Christmas Thrill

By ELDER MARVIN J. ASHTON

"HELLO! This is Scotland Yard calling."

"Yes."

"Is this the Latter-day Saint Mission Headquarters?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Howells there?"

"No. He isn't in right now."

"When will he be there?"

"He is not here this afternoon. I don't expect him in until this evening about 6.30."

"It is quite imperative that we get in touch with him this evening. Will you have him call Scotland Yard, Criminals' Record Department, as soon as he gets back?"

"Yes, I'll have him telephone you as soon as he comes in," the missionary tremblingly answered as he nervously hung the 'phone up.

"Scotland Yard is after Elder Howells. What do you make of it? What in the world do you think has happened? I've never been so excited in my life. I thought I'd drop the 'phone before the detective got through talking," the missionary excitedly confided in a nearby companion.

"What did they say"? the elder retaliated.

"The man calling was with the Criminal Records' Department and said he must get hold of Elder Howells at once. He didn't say what the charge was or tell me what had happened," he volunteered as his hands uncontrollably ran through his hair.

"Boy! it's got me. I can't imagine what in the world it can all be about."

As the afternoon slowly passed, the two elders kept their eyes pinned on the front door waiting for Elder Howells to arrive.

The hour of 6.30 arrived and still he had not come.

"I'm sure something has happened or he would have been here by now," one elder surmised.

"He better be coming soon. We can't wait much longer for him, and you know we can't leave till he comes for fear he doesn't get the call."

Twenty long minutes later the sought-after elder walked into the office.

"Scotland Yard is after you," the two excitedly greeted him in unison.

"What do you mean, Scotland Yard is after me?" he quickly responded.

"The Criminal Records' Department want you to call them immediately. They wouldn't tell us what the trouble is, but said you must call them tonight without fail."

Without listening to further comment from the two much-concerned missionaries, Elder Howells picked up the 'phone and called the Criminal Records' Department of Scotland Yard.

"Hello, this is Mr. Howells calling. Was someone there trying to get in touch with me?"

"Yes, I was calling you, Mr. Howells," the voice responded. "We were wondering if you will come down to our gymnasium next week and coach our basketball team."

"Why, yes, I'll be glad to come down and meet with you."

"Thanks kindly, Mr. Howells. We'll be looking for you next week. Merry Christmas."

Christmas Contest Winners

WORD comes from the judges of the MILLENNIAL STAR Christmas Poetry and Prose Contest, that the story, "The Gift" by Sister Agnes Bourne of Liverpool Branch, has been named as the first prize entry. "The Gospel Story" composed by Sister Muriel C. Perry has been awarded first place in the poetry contest. Sister Perry's entry in the prose division also rated high recognition by being selected as third place winner. Sister Marie Smith of Sparkbrook Branch with her entry, "Christmas Thanks" was selected as second prize in the poetry division, while contributions of Brother Robert D. Rodgers of Airdrie Branch and Mr. J. G. Fyfe of Wallasey, Cheshire, rated third prize and honourable mention, respectively.



Muriel C. Perry



Agnes Bourne

Second prize winner in the Christmas Story contest is Sister Gladys Quayle of Sunderland Branch with "A Christmas Story." "Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men" by Sister Dorothy L. Shorrock obtained the honourable mention prize.

Prizes to be given the winners in the closely contested competition are: first prize, "Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith," by Joseph Fielding Smith; second prize, "Testimonies of the Divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by its Leaders"; third prize, "A Century of 'Mormonism' in Great Britain," by Richard L. Evans; and honourable mention prize, a six months' subscription to the MILLENNIAL STAR. Prizes in the Poetry and Prose divisions will be duplicate.

The STAR takes this opportunity of thanking all who took part in the contest and helped to make it the huge success it was. Entries came in from every district in the mission while others were received from Norway and the United States.

Greetings From The Auxiliaries

TO be happy is great. To have joy in the Lord is greater. Anti-Christ is strongly entrenched at the moment; a redoubling of our efforts to rekindle and replenish the flame of spirituality is necessary. We need to weed out unspirituality in our associations and organizations.

To enjoy a wholesome Christmas trim your Christmas tree with tinsel and good-will, place a mirror behind the tree to reflect light and let your thoughts be festive but also to dwell on Christ's birth and its significance.



Agnes P. Wallace

It is important that youth associate Christmas with holiness and joyfulness. The Christmas tree symbolizes joy and the flood of light, His holiness.

Christ's appearance to St. Paul and to Joseph Smith was associated with a light so strong that it exceeded the brightness of the noon day sun. Light is symbolic of truth and sincerity, darkness of untruth and hypocrisy.

May the light in your bodies be strong enough to cast out the darkness of soul incompatible with inspiration. In prayer and thanksgiving let us approach the throne of grace for guidance.



Ray M. Russell.

RAY M. RUSSELL,

AGNES P. WALLACE,

M.I.A. Presidents

THE Mission Sunday School Board expresses to the workers in the Sunday Schools throughout the Mission its hearty thanks and sincere appreciation for the fine service each has rendered in his capacity.

The splendid progress made in the Sunday Schools during 1938 shows the fine leadership ability possessed by the Sunday School workers. For the love and devotion to the cause, manifested by the workers, the Board commends and thanks them.



Elder Mortensen

Sunday School officers and teachers are endeavouring to work for God and for men: they are filling a calling which makes them co-workers with God; bringing intelligence and understanding to men, that men may let their light so shine before other men that they may see their good works and glorify Our Father which is in heaven.

At this time of the year, we consider seriously those God-given gifts—His Son, and His Gospel. Let us be merry at Christmas in the light and knowledge of the Gospel, and let us be happy throughout the year of 1939 in spreading the message of love to our neighbours.

ELDER H. HOOPER MORTENSEN

Sunday School Superintendent

CHRISTMAS is a time of rejoicing and thanksgiving for the blessings made possible by the sacrifice of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. It should mean more in the lives of Latter-day Saints than any other group in the world. We all thrill to the story of the Son of Man's offering his sinless life that we might live more abundantly and have eternal life.



Elder Brown

after the pattern which Christ set down for us.

As Latter-day Saints, we know that there are countless millions who, with us, rejoice in the Christmas season and for the memory it brings of His atoning sacrifice. There are songs of thanksgiving and praise among the countless millions who have passed from this life because it was through His sacrifice their prison doors were opened and they too have eternal life and may "be judged according to men in the flesh but live according to God in the Spirit."

May this Christmas be the best ever for us and may we keep in mind its true significance. Let us resolve to do our best to live, during the coming year,

ELDER EMMETT L. BROWN, Genealogical Supervisor

AS we approach the Christmas season we feel the true spirit of Relief Society work, that of good-will, kindness, peace and service.

We cannot expect to have peace among nations, unless we have peace and good-will among individuals. As followers of Christ we should try to follow His example of unselfishness and love towards all mankind.

At this season we have great opportunities for service, for we have the feeling of charity and helpfulness more than at any other time of the year. Let us make the most of our opportunities, and bring gladness and cheer into places where there is little.

In Salt Lake City on Christmas Eve a light is lit to resemble a star when it is known that not a single family has been neglected.

May we so conduct our lives before men that those seeing us will wish to follow, and so glorify our Father in Heaven from whom all good things come; and let us go forth in the New Year determined to do good by deed and by our example, and so keep the true Christmas spirit.



Inez C. Russell

Through concerted prayer who knows what we may not accomplish!
The Relief Society, **INEZ C. RUSSELL, First Counsellor**

FROM the overflow of gladness in our hearts comes this greeting, old and yet so ever new at each holiday season—"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" To all the Primary workers in the land of Britain the Mission Board extends this greeting.



Marie Waldram

This has been a year filled with Primary activity and favour. Our activity has created general enthusiasm among the children, and the favourable comment has been given by the friends and teachers who have helped.

Branches and districts have become Primary minded; the children have been given attention and encouragement; friends have been found; and teachers have been made happy through work successfully accomplished.

Truly we can sing our carols of thanksgiving and praise at this season when we pay homage to that other Child, born in Bethlehem of Judea; that perfect Child who taught, "Unless ye become as one of these . . ."; that Saviour Child who made possible the divine end of all living—faith in Him, hope in His divine mission, joy at His message of "Peace on Earth."

MARIE WALDRAM, Primary Superintendent.

An Indian Christmas

By ELDER RICHARD P. EVANS

IN the weeks just past, this Red Indian query has been frequently heard in the vast American Southwest: "Kishmash du-que it-zih?"—"How long until Christmas?" Only a few days hence that day, beloved of all the world, will make brighter the lives of thousands of natives.

In dozens of Indian boarding schools, United States Government funds will be spent to provide their pupils with as many gifts as white children will receive from Father Christmas's bag of wonders. In numerous Christian mission chapels adjacent to the schools native families gather to hear the messages of priest and pastor, then remain to partake of the bounteous feasts provided by the Government and missions, of barbecued mutton and all the other fare pleasing to Indian palates.

And, at the day's close, bouncing over winding desert illuminated by brilliant starlight, in horse drawn wagons whose wide iron tyres crunch musically through the hard packed snow, many a wee, seary brown fist clasps lovely, fair dolls and enormous balls, and huge bags of sweets and nuts nestle close to hearts awed by the power and might of Jesus, who could cause men to be so generous and kind on His birthday—hearts who also are wondering, perhaps, why men were not always so kind, each day of the year.



Elder Evans

The missionary who would labour there has before him a difficult task. Possessed of native teachings which already basically resemble those of the Bible, the Navajos are largely indifferent, almost contemptuous, and the missionary has found that the best means of contact to secure friendliness is to provide the certain attraction of food and then deliver his message through native interpreters.

Their work is not all in vain. Nearly every native knows the significance of the day—that it is observed by the white man as the birthday of their great Jesus, the Saviour who lived long ago in a far off land. Yet, he looks with amused distrust upon the scenes of Christendom, for his keen eyes are quick to observe the strife of creed against creed, nation against nation in this Christian world.

Notwithstanding this, though, they are still of a materialistic tendency and are prompt to take advantage of Christmas as

the day when food and gifts are plenteously given, not many years hence the Indians shall realize that their Great Spirit is the Nazarene, and then shall begin their preparation to receive the fulness of the Gospel's teachings. Promises made centuries ago through prophets of the Lord to the descendants of Laman are abundant and may be read by all in the Book of Mormon. The day is not far distant when they shall be enlightened and richly blessed.

Perhaps by then the world shall have more nearly attained that goal set for them 19 centuries ago of "peace on earth, good-will to men"; then the eager query, "How long until Christmas?" will have a far richer significance to the red man.

Current Christmas Clippings

FATHER CHRISTMAS, the legendary gentlemen who brightens so many lives at Christmas time with



his generous gifts, has found his task so enormous in recent years that he has had to call upon the aid

of thousands of workers to help him in his annual distribution. Throughout Great Britain various organizations have been making calls the past few weeks for toys and dolls in an effort to insure a happy Christmastide for all, and the response has placed stacks of playthings at the disposal of the helpers of Santa Claus. In America various government agencies, firemen, policemen and others work busily for some months prior to the holidays, repairing and mending broken dolls, trucks, hobby-horses and other discarded toys and making them "good as new" for otherwise hapless children. This is another example of the parallel ideals of the two countries, both doing all in their power to make Christmas time a real time of thankfulness for all.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, which play so important a part in the exchange of greetings at Yuletide, are a com-

paratively modern idea, as far as is known the first sender of a Christmas card being a Mr. R. A. Dobson, in 1844. Having a friend to whom he owed acknowledgement for several courtesies, he used a novel idea. It being near Christmas, he made a small sketch symbolizing the spirit of the season, and sent it to his friend. From this has grown the custom which every year sends thousands of cards to and from all points of the earth.

HISTORICAL data on Christmas day reveal some interesting facts. The day was not set aside until the



fourth century A.D., and of course does not pretend to be the actual day of Christ's birth. Many of the customs associated with this celebration are as pagan as they

are Christian. The tree and the candles were both pagan ideas, as were holly and mistletoe. In England also the day is the fourth quarter day in the divisions of the year, sharing this position with March 25th, June 24th, and September 29th, which are, respectively, Lady's Day, Midsummer Day and Michaelmas Day.

THE DIVINE IN JESUS CHRIST

(Continued from page 803)

Him heal the sick; open the eyes of the blind and unstop the ears of the deaf. They witnessed His death and were with Him following His resurrection for a period of forty days before He was taken into heaven.

Such an array of witnesses of the Lord should suffice to remove all doubt from the minds of the most sceptical, with respect to His divine nature. The destructive critics, however, attack the reliability of these witnesses, affirming that the record of their testimonies is not genuine; that it has come down to us from those who wrote several generations after the events narrated are supposed to have happened.

I call attention to the significant observation of the greatest authority of his day in the history of antiquity as a whole, the late Edward Meyer. He was a "thorough going rationalist," who refused to accept as facts any statements unless backed by reliable evidence. But after a thorough study for a number of years of the early books of the New Testament, with special emphasis on John Mark's gospel, he had this to say:

"The conclusion we have won is of the highest importance. It is evident that for our history of Jesus we have by no means to reckon merely with representatives of the second sub-Apostolic generations, but are taken back far behind that into the midst of the first generations who personally had known Him intimately and still preserved a lively recollection of Him; and that these old recollections lie under our eyes in manifold forms. There is no ground at all for refusing to accept these oldest traditions as historically trustworthy in all essentials and in the chronological ordering of history."

Referring to John's gospel as a trustworthy record of the miraculous in Christ, as well as in His teachings, Dr. Gore, one of the world's outstanding authorities in the New Testament field, declares that the record is most likely a product of John the Beloved Apostle of Jesus, written by him in his old age with the assistance of some younger disciples. Specifically referring to the miracles of the New Testament, Dr. Gore makes this important observation:

"The reputed miracles of the New Testament are not like other miracles. Jesus was quite unlike other thaumaturges. He refused consistently to dazzle by miracles, and His miracles are interwoven with His teachings as in an indissoluble fabric, and have an ethical character and purpose that are all their own. . . . The miracles in the picture of Christ are inextricably interwoven with the character and the personality as it is presented to us, so much so that if we reject the miraculous element, we have hardly anything certain remaining." He declares that the Buddha-myth is easy to separate from the historic man, Gautama, since it is an excrescence upon a historical figure, but that such is not true of the Christ in the gospels.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints stands firmly on the doctrine of a divine Redeemer, born of the Virgin

Mary and developed to manhood amid the experiences common to the people of Palestine. After a brief ministry, covering a period of three years, He gave Himself up freely to be crucified for the sins of the world, that salvation might be placed within the reach of all men. His body lay in the sepulchre three days, when, by virtue of His Godhead, He burst the bands of death and arose triumphant from the grave. He appeared to His apostles and had them thrust their hands into His side, as a proof of His resurrection. He ministered unto them for forty days and then led them as far as Bethany and, after blessing them, ascended into heaven.

The Church further declares that this same Jesus returned to earth in this dispensation clothed in His immortal body of flesh and bones and communed with the boy Prophet Joseph Smith in the woods of western New York.

This testimony we bear to all the world and invite all men to come unto Him with a contrite spirit and partake of the gift of eternal life.

To such of us as respond will Christmas have a deeper meaning than merely the giving of material gifts. We will awaken to the fact that the giving of gifts symbolizes the greatest gift of God to man--His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour. And as Christ gave His life for us, may we dedicate our lives to the service of others.

Christmas Thanks

By MARIE SMITH

SECOND PRIZE, CHRISTMAS POETRY CONTEST

With loved ones and friends gathered round you
 With happy hearts and gay,
 Singing old songs and sweet carols
 Because it is Christmas Day;
 Just pause for a single moment
 And think how this day came to be,
 Then give thanks to your Father in heaven
 For the very first Christmas Day.

Try to picture a broken down stable,
 An ox and an ass in the stall,
 The babe in the manger is Jesus
 Born thus to deliver us all.
 Nearby kneels His sweet Mother, Mary,
 With Joseph her spouse at her side
 So give thanks to your Father in heaven
 For the very first Christmas tide.

Can't you see the wise men in the distance?
 And the shepherds coming over the hill?
 Can't you hear the Angels a-singing,
 "Peace on earth and to all men good will?"
 Then pause in the midst of your laughter
 In the midst of your frolics and fun
 And give thanks to your Father in heaven,
 Just say, "Thanks, Lord, for sending Your Son."

(Continued from page 809)

hear the sound of the car beside him and he pushed with all his might at the little figure in front of him. There was a sound of brakes being jammed, a horrible pain searing his side, and then oblivion.

Gradually the mists cleared and dimly he heard the sound of the lady's voice—his body felt bruised and his head ached terribly. Where was he? What had happened, he wondered? Then he remembered and again he lived through those horrible moments. The little girl—was she safe? In a very weak voice he whispered, "The little girl—where is she?" The voice he had grown to love answered him and he felt warm arms around him, "She is safe, son; how can I ever thank you?" His heart was full, tears streamed down his cheeks—forgotten was the pain in the warm, comforting arms. He had never known such love as this, his heart was starved for want of kindness. Surely he must be dreaming. Again came the sound of voices, sweeter, more beautiful than before. "Peace, peace on earth" they were singing—now he could see their robes so pure and white—he could see their faces so beautiful and so happy. He saw a lady in the midst of the throng waiting so expectantly with arms outstretched. Surely she could not be waiting for him, but she kept looking and looking and then he heard his name whispered with such tenderness. He must go to her—she wanted him. Forgotten was the pain as his spirit wended its way to the Mother who bore him; gladly did he lay down his life for his friend, for greater love hath no man than this.

Christmas Plea

By CHRISTIE LUND COLES

Again tonight I hear the Christmas bells;
 I see the snow like jewels on the earth;
 I watch the quiet stars; emotion wells
 Within me at remembrance of His birth,
 Remembrance of the message that He brought
 Of peace and love, of brotherhood's good-will;
 The simple, ageless truths His mercy taught
 That in the soul of man re-echo still.

And yet, we plan our wars, we contemplate
 Their inhumanities, their lust, their greed,
 Their awful deadly ministry of hate,
 Forgetful of man's pitiable need.

Oh, Men of Nations, let His memory still
 Make brotherhood a dream we must fulfill.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT



FATHER CHRISTMAS SAYS :

If you want to give presents that will bring untold joy and satisfaction, give your friends a subscription to the MILLENNIAL STAR. It is a gift that will bring the true spirit of Christmas into the home each week. It is the voice of the Church in Britain and will keep members and friends abreast with the policies and progress of the Church.

THE CHURCH'S OLDEST PUBLICATION

Established 1840

3 months 1/8 6 months 3/4 1 year 6/6

Write—THE CIRCULATION MANAGER,
THE MILLENNIAL STAR
5, GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

To NEW YORK



Sailings from Southampton

The Famous Favourites

WASHINGTON

Dec. 30 & Feb. 2

MANHATTAN

Jan. 18 & Feb. 24

The Popular "Presidents"

HARDING

Jan. 6 & Feb. 17

ROOSEVELT

Jan. 27 & Mar. 3

ONE-CLASS-ONLY SERVICE

Every Friday, London direct to New York. The whole ship is yours.

Low Through Rates to California

UNITED STATES LINES

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

7 Haymarket, S.W.1 (Whitehall 4162) & 38 Leadenhall St., E.C.3 (Royal 6677)

And All Authorised Agents